York. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill may'st thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Duc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts vvould gladly riſe I knovv,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dute. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King ſay, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearſe.
King H. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet

Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe;
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dute. A God on earth thou art.
King But for our truſty brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and coofin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Dute. Come my olde ſonne, I pray God make thee new.
Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.
Exton. Didſt thou not marke the K: what works he ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man. Theſe were his very wordes.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did;
Exton. and ſpeaking it, he wiſtly lookt on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the famale to my ſoule;
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtil-breeding thoughts;

K And